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## The Tumulty Confession

In his narrative concerning the shelving of General Wood it is not easy to discern whom Joseph P. Tumulty serves the worst—Mr. Wilson or General Pershing or himself.

He pretends to be justifying the action of Mr. Wilson, but succeeds only in revealing his jealousy and political fear; he tries to screen his former chief behind the uniform of General Pershing, and thus to shift responsibility for what Tumulty admits was a dirty deal, but lamentably fails; finally, by suppressions and perversions of the record and his present rush to print—well, he writes a book which will scarcely be a precious legacy to his family.

General Wood was one of the two great awakeners of the nation; the father of conscription and the creator of the Plattsbury system, without which the war would probably have been lost before our aid came; the highest ranking officer of the army, and, next to Roosevelt, the man our allies wanted to see to revive a morale that drooped because of whispers that this country was not in earnest. Yet he was stopped as his foot was on the gangplank—not allowed to go over the seas as a subordinate divisional commander, or in any capacity.

Tumulty says he telephoned a protest to Mr. Wilson, telling him that the cruel stoppage would unfavorably affect public opinion, and that Mr. Wilson replied: "I do not care a damn for the criticism of the country."

And then Tumulty has the colossal impertinence to assert that Mr. Wilson was swayed by no personal consideration—did what he did solely because General Pershing had not asked for the presence of General Wood in Europe. Is it strange that General Pershing did not ask for General Wood? It was essential to the overseas commander to have the support of the President, his constitutional commander in chief. He did not need a brick house to fall on him to know that confidence at the White House in his abilities would not have long survived had he not done some mind reading.

"The whole trouble in the Wood matter," fatuously says Tumulty, "arose out of the apparent humiliation of General Wood due to his recall after he had taken his division to New York, preparatory to sailing for the other side." Tumulty has a short memory. This confident of Mr. Wilson does not remember how the President illegally forbade the General Board of the Army and Navy to meet when General Wood was a member of it; he does not recall that when the war came General Wood was sequestered in Charleston, and later offered a choice of service in Hawaii or the Philippines; or was it Guam? He has forgotten how General Wood was halted before a medical board in a mean attempt to establish that he was an invalid. The gangplank episode does not stand alone—it was merely a culmination of a series of events whose significance and whose motive the country thinks it understands.

Tumulty says he did not consult the ex-President before publishing a defense which amounts to a confession, and he is sure Mr. Wilson will be displeased. Well he may be. He will have sympathy if he cries out against so inept a defender. If there is one subject that Mr. Wilson may be excused for not wishing to discuss or to hear discussed it is his treatment of General Wood.

But doubt arises whether the lame explanation is wholly Tumulty's own. Turn to page 88 of George Creel's book "The War, the World and Mr. Wilson" and you will find, almost word for word, the same explanation. If the Tumulty version is original where did Mr. Creel earlier get one practically identical? Yet in summing up reasons there is a difference. Mr. Creel acknowledges that Mr. Wilson felt deep animosity toward General Wood. According to Tumulty, the White House loved him and kept him at home only because of an almost romantic sense of duty.

As to the clouds Tumulty casts on the grave of Colonel Roosevelt, another not deemed worthy, the story is amusing. Mr. Wilson, who, early

in April, 1917, had opposed conscription, which Colonel Roosevelt and General Wood had educated the country into accepting, three weeks later was so fanatical a convert that he frowned on Colonel Roosevelt as conscription's enemy.

## Sickbed Promises

It is a sick Soviet which offers to pay Russia's foreign debts in return for recognition by the great powers. Tchitcherin, who makes the offer as Lenin's Foreign Minister, is the same official who used to boast of Bolshevik Russia's intention to reduce all Europe to Bolshevism. Now he is willing to let the rest of Europe live unmolested, and even to square the Czarist foreign obligations incurred up to 1914, if the Allied nations, besides feeding starving Russia, will acknowledge the Red dictatorship.

How will Russia even pay her foreign debt of 1914, amounting to \$5,092,000,000, under a government which has destroyed industry and has so reduced even agricultural production that millions of Russians are on the edge of starvation? Tchitcherin doesn't say. Does he think that confidence, which is the basis of all extensions of credit, can be established by mere promises? Is there any one, even of the Communists, willing to ship goods to Russia except possibly he be controlled by philanthropic impulses and does not ask for pay?

Great Britain made a trade treaty with Russia a year or more ago. But the British government only recently complained that Moscow wasn't living up to its pledges and was, in fact, making more trouble for Great Britain in Persia and Afghanistan than the Czar's government ever had in the days before the British-Russian entente. Tchitcherin's word is worth nothing. The government he represents is an outlaw internationally and is sustained only by Communist terrorism. Its promise to pay Russia's foreign debts amounts to little more than a promise to pay them in the fiat currency issued by Lenin with the purpose of destroying forever the average Russian's belief in the value of money.

## The Displeased Mr. Gompers

Samuel Gompers is among the few not pleased with the decision of the trainmen unions not to launch their war offensive.

"The strike," says Mr. Gompers, "will not take place—now," significantly pausing before emphasizing the final word. So in Mr. Gompers' view it is a shaky armistice we now have, not a lasting peace.

From the railway unions come demands for the abolition of the Labor Board, and hostility is declared in advance to any proposal looking to creating a substitute with the Labor Board's powers. In other words, the railway unions want no arbitrations. They still prefer ultimatums and hold that might gives right.

On the other side the railroad executives indicate that they do not understand they are forbidden to apply under the law for further wage cuts. Moreover, they do not understand they are foreclosed from protesting against working rules which unnecessarily add to the cost of transportation.

It is time for the public to complete its mental preparedness as to two important matters: First, that minorities shall not selfishly rule, and, second, that increases in transportation costs, when they come, are paid for by the public. A firm establishment of these simple truths will prevent trouble.

Only a negligible few object to the existence of the railway unions. But if power has drifted to railway unions they must not misuse it. The Kaiser principle that it is the privilege of a few to give orders which it is the duty of all others to accept has done enough damage for one generation.

## Joining America

The 6th Assembly District, as the public knows, is strongly socialistic. But for three years it has not been represented at Albany by a Socialist. It has sent there a young man of courage and character who is more interested in American fashion, in doing practical good for the masses of his constituents than in dreaming dreams of a remote, if not an impossible, social state.

This young man is Sol Ullman. His merit as one of the most useful of the city's representatives at Albany is certified to by the civic agencies which watch proceedings at the state capital. Three times he has met and beaten the district's Socialist champion. But heretofore Mr. Ullman, a Republican, has had the benefit of Democratic indorsement. However, this year, throughout New York County, the Democratic party has stubbornly refused to indorse any Republican candidates for legislative office. So Mr. Ullman is in a three-cornered contest and needs aid.

The Tribune appeals to the Democratic voters of the district to disregard the mandates of their bosses. If for three years the fusion argument was good it is good now. It is admitted that the Democratic candidate has no chance. Why throw away votes and thereby assist the Socialists?

The Tribune appeals also to the Socialists of the district and to all

there who are socialistically inclined. Aren't the regular members of the party ready to kick into oblivion the absurd, autocratic rule that a Socialist must vote a straight ticket though the yellowest of dogs is on it? Don't the young men and women of the district wish to certify that in good faith they have become Americans and are through with revolutionary nonsense? Great are the opportunities that America has spread before the aspiring youth of all the East Side. Don't they like the American system? Don't they think it better for them than the Russian system?

If the district would add its voice to the grand chorus of Americanism; if it would be true to the spirit displayed by the boys of the East Side when they fought their way forward amid the rocks and thickets and bullets of the Argonne, let it attest its faith by voting for Ullman. The greater public of America will see and understand, for the struggle in the 6th District has attracted national attention.

Let the district hasten to get into full sympathy with the spirit of the great Republic. Are Americans so poor a sort that any here should prefer to be aliens at heart and to follow a political philosophy imported from Europe and of little applicability to America? Here is the simple but profound issue which is submitted to the voters of the 6th District. It far transcends in importance any partisan question. What will be the answer?

## The End of Townleyism

The Nonpartisan League experiment in North Dakota has gone the way of so many similar adventures in American politics. It had much in common with the schemes presented a generation ago by the organizers of the Farmers' Alliance and Populist movements. It sought to reorganize the machinery of agricultural production and distribution through political action. But politics has always been the poorest instrument in this country with which to solve economic problems. American instincts recoil at mixing economics and politics. Government ownership and operation of the machinery of production or of the instrumentalities of commerce run counter to normal American theory and experience.

Arthur C. Townley, a self-confident and plausible promoter, found in North Dakota a favorable field for the spread of his state socialistic doctrines. The farmers believed that they had been squeezed by the railroads, the banks, the grain elevators and the distributors generally. They accepted Townley's advice and formed themselves into a political league which undertook to socialize the state government. State flour mills built and state banks opened for the purpose of extending special credit facilities to farmers. The Nonpartisan League took over the Republican organization and put its own leaders into office. Since 1916 it has controlled the state administration and the Legislature. In 1920 it invaded other states—Nebraska, Montana, Colorado and South Dakota—seeking to do there what it had done at home.

But Townley's theories, when put into practice, failed to work. Government operation proved extravagant and inefficient. The state banks got into trouble when deflation came along. The new order couldn't stand up against the economic pressure of the old order. Governor Frazier, elected in 1916 by a vote of 87,665 to 22,906, was re-elected in 1918 by a plurality of only 17,784, and in 1920 by a plurality of 4,630. Townley went back to Minnesota and, convicted there of conspiracy to violate the state espionage act, is about to serve a jail sentence. He left the wreck of a socialized state structure behind him. Now, on a recall petition, Governor Frazier and his Attorney General and Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor have been displaced by three independent candidates. The house that Townley built hadn't firm enough foundations to survive the first outburst of popular disillusionment and discontent.

## Frills and the Realm

When the detailed history of women in the business world is written perhaps there will be mention of the action of the British government in providing a 25s dress allowance to the women clerks accompanying the delegates to the disarmament conference.

It is a graceful recognition by a powerful nation of the importance of its women servants. The trimness of a skirt, the freshness of a blouse, the decorum of a curl—nothing, it seems to say, is too humble to contribute to the establishment of a better ordered world. But aside from its bearing as a compliment to the women aids the dress bonus has a practical significance which will be noted by many a woman working in a business environment—to the confusion, perhaps, of employers averse to increasing overhead.

Business women receive smaller salaries than men do, yet their expense for clothes is heavier. A business woman can seldom safely

afford to neglect clothes no matter how they drain her purse. So long as a man is clean and reasonably free of threadbare places his appearance passes, but the woman who would hold her own must be at all times becomingly and immaculately dressed. For her to falter from the high path of sartorial perfection is ordinarily unforgivable.

And so here's the moral: if the British government recognizes in the hearing of the whole world that clothes make the stenographer, does it not suggest that the business house may be called on to allow a dress bonus as a matter of routine custom?

## South China Left Out

Absence from the Conference Blamed on Washington  
To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is true that the two governments of China have been unable to unite in a delegation to the Washington conference. Your conception, however, in your editorial "Laggard China" that the case is similar to that of Turkey is an error of fact. You may remember that both the Constantinople government of Turkey and the Ankara government of Turkey were invited to, and actually did, send delegates to the conference at London, where, with representatives of the British government, they sat down at a conference table and "talked it over."

Nothing would be more agreeable to the southern, or de jure, government of China than similar action with regard to the two Chinese factions. In fact, every effort has been made by the government of President Sun Yat-sen of China to have just this gathering of representatives of both sides take place at Washington, and repeated requests for such action have been made to the American State Department by representatives of South China.

The Washington administration is standing upon the diplomatic technicality that, as it has not recognized the South China Republic, it cannot invite it to send representatives to Washington, a technicality which, you will note, the British government overlooked in regard to Turkey.

Under these circumstances neither the Washington government nor the Chinese government at Peking has invited the South China government to participate as a government in the conference, and, obviously, it cannot participate. In fact, being unrecognized, it could not, if it would, send even unofficial representatives, because they could not obtain passports.

The fault regarding the non-cooperation of the two governments of China in the present instance lies not with China but directly at the door of the United States Department of State. The deplorable discord in China is being fostered by the powers, including the United States, who are making such a stir over peace in the Far East.

RICHARD HATTON,  
Washington, D. C., Oct. 26, 1921.

[The technicality on which the American government is standing is controlling. It cannot invite South China to the conference. But that is all the more reason that Chinese who believe in national unity should get together at all costs before it is too late.—Ed.]

## Not a Disarmament Conference

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The coming conference for the limitation of armaments, so far discussed in general terms, is unfortunately regarded by some as a disarmament conference. We all realize the burdens of excessive armaments, but there is a real danger that well meaning but misguided people, in a hysteria of pacifist ideas, will forget that so long as there are thieves, bandits and murderers in the world just so long must we be prepared to defend ourselves against them.

Much silly disarmament agitation has come from business men who can not feel beyond their pocketbooks. We should, in company with the other great powers, reduce armed forces, but for the United States to cut her defenses to the extent that some tight-fisted and weak-kneed gent are clamoring for would be not foolish but criminal.

I hold no brief for war, but in a hysteria of pocketbook-grasping (euphemistically known as business retrenchment) let us remember how unprepared for war we were in 1917 and let that be our lesson.

WENDELL PHILLIPS BIESER,  
New York, Oct. 28, 1921.

## Ingersoll's True Saying

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On opening at random this evening a volume of extracts from Robert G. Ingersoll, "The Philosophy of Ingersoll," I found this most timely truth, which I think will be appreciated in the present crisis: "It is far cheaper to build schoolhouses than prisons, and it is much better to have scholars than convicts."

MRS. GEORGE SAWYER KELLOGG,  
Brooklyn, Oct. 28, 1921.

## What Wages for Public Work?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I see in the papers that several cities have issued bonds for public works in order to give employment to the unemployed and that others are thinking of doing the same.

I am much interested to know if the wages paid to the unemployed are to be the high scale wages now demanded or something less.

J. R.  
Roslyn, N. Y., Oct. 28.

## A Costly Undertaking

(From The Washington Star)

Russians, while finding no reliable statistics on the subject available, are beginning to get a general idea of the trouble and expense of keeping Lenin and Trotsky comfortable.

## The Conning Tower

## Songs of Disarmament

O heroes, be gentlemen and scholars, When Liberty's form stands in view; A battleship costs forty million dollars, Which is borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

If there were no battleships, there wouldn't be any shipyards. And what would some professional athletes do in the event of war then, poor things?

It was a reading of Eugene Field's column, "Sharps and Flats," that gave Theodore Dreiser, so he says in The Bookman, the desire to write. And what we don't understand is how a student of Field, who surely was a fine word-artist and a stylist, could let words obstruct and engulf him as Dreiser always has permitted them to. It always seems to us that Dreiser has more to say and says it worse than any other writer.

Even so careful a writer as Prof. Brander Matthews, in "Essays on English," calls him Mr. Irwin Cobb.

## Gotham Gleanings

—Miss Lola Fisher is back in town.

—Grantland Rice will have a birthday tomorrow.

—The subway is pretty crowded these cool evenings.

—Steve Benet and Bob Benchley have both got books out.

—W. A. White of Emporia is going to the nat'l capital next week.

—Monty Flagg had a root beer Monday eve, the gift of ye scribe.

—Jerry Kern and wife of Bronxville had the 7th anniversary of their marriage last Tues.

—Miss Neysa McMein's new stream-line coat is the talk of all the younger West 57th St. set.

—Mrs. Ed Rogers of Pittston, Vt. who has been here for a while has gone back to the Green Mts.

—Today is Mrs. Sig Spaeth's birthday and a few hundred of her friends are going to a party at her house this eve.

—Gelett Burgess is working hard on the Authors League party Nov. 20 at which Wm. Collier is going to be schoolmaster.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose sister Norma was married to Charley Ellis the other day, has gone to Rome, It.

—Byrne Hackett is getting ready for the Xmas holidays and says books are what folks will give this year. Suits us, Byrne.

Speaking of Mr. H. G. Wells, as some newspapers are and some aren't, the names he, and other British novelists, pins on his American characters often seem to us a trifle overdrawn, like the constant "I guess" and "I reckon" that English writers think Americans use instead of commas. So we hope Mr. Wells won't see, by the Tallulah, La. Madison Journal, that "Mr. Eppnetus P. Boggs left Splinterville Friday for Tallulah," nor that "Miss Elizabeth Maudeella Perry of Splinterville has accepted a very responsible position at the popular boarding house of Mrs. Mary Chubb."

## The Mamaroneck Talkers

A—I just latched and detest going to New York! You shop all day, and then have to go to a movie to rest before you're fresh enough for dinner and the theater. And the prices! We had to pay \$4.65 for a seat for "The Music Box Revue."

B—Why, whatever you pay now-days is too much. They keep starting the shows later and ending them sooner. Pretty soon they'll be all beginning and end and intermission.

C—Yes, and even then you about break your neck getting the 11:32.

A—It's the awful salaries they're paying. Why, Bazbggzz hasn't even got the lead, and she gets a thousand dollars a week. She's wonderful, but she simply isn't worth it.

B—We have a neat little scheme at our house. When the Carters come over we play cards for an eighth of a cent a point and put the winnings in a pool to buy theater seats. I always say that that way it doesn't cost anybody anything. And it doesn't hurt my feelings to see any more, because it's all for a good cause.

C—It must be lovely to really understand bridge!

D. S. P.

At Sixth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street is the emporium of Mr. Herman Berman; which leads D. A. N. to speculate on his relationship to Mr. Booth Tarkington's Penrod Schofield's little friends—Herman, Sherman and Verman.

Just the same, we wish we knew, for betting purposes alone, how Bernard Shaw has the result of the Arms Conference doped.

It is lampable, if one reads the Canton, N. Y., Hill News, that recent concerts have included Reginald Wainwright.

## Daily Before Meals

Beautiful beer, so rich and foamy. Best when the day is old and gloomy. Who for such dainties would not steer? Beer of the evening, beautiful beer!

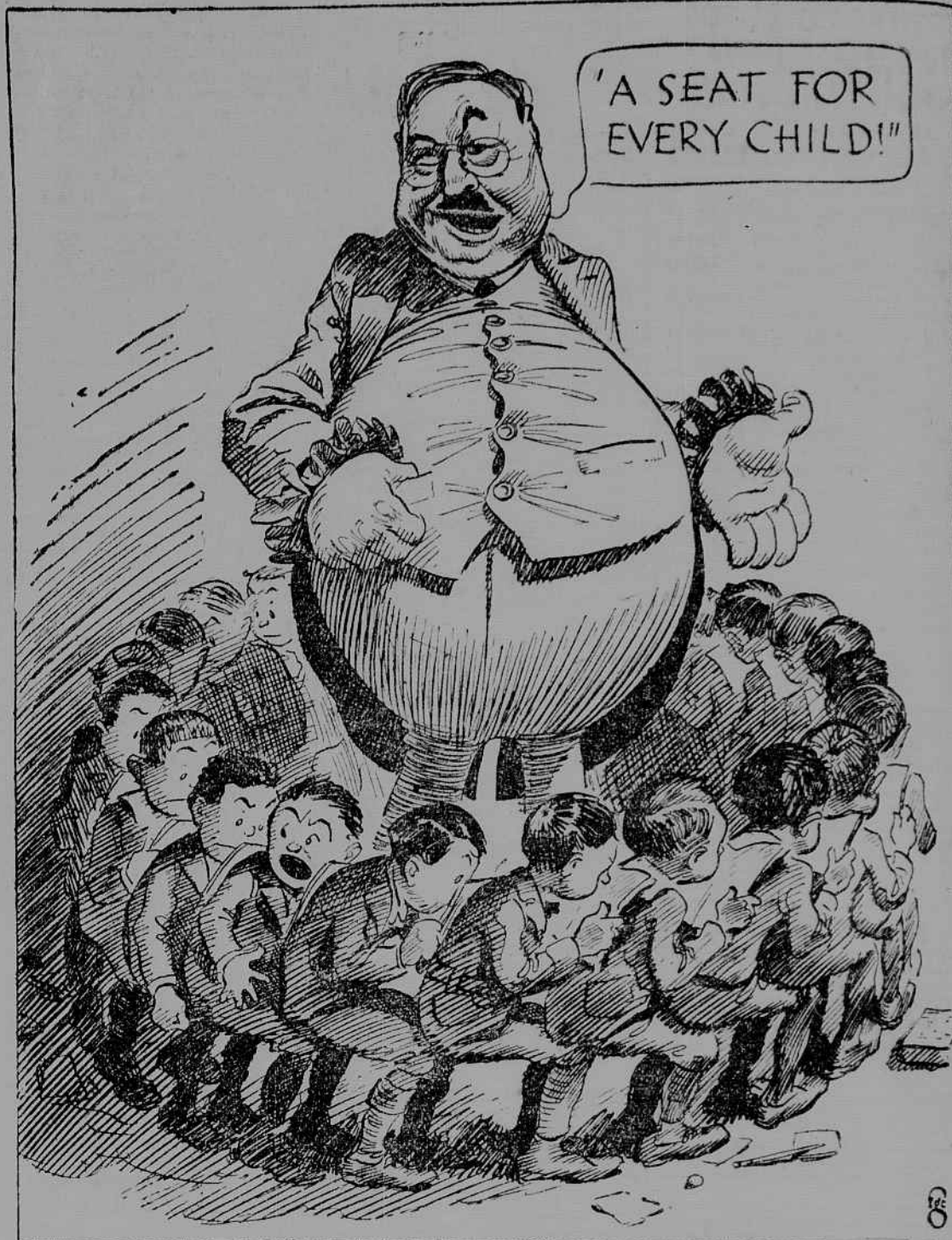
Well, we shouldn't, for one. We don't like beer, and we wrote that sincere quatrain just for the mere writing of it. Was Kents, we wonder, really so keen on pottery? And was Coleridge really such a good ship news reporter?

Say, has your doctor prescribed any BEER?

F. P. A.

## HOW IT'S DONE

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## Books

By Percy Hammond

Samuel Hopkins Adams, having been urged against his will to read "Scaramouche" by the glamour and rhythm of its first line, is actuated to an inquiry. "How much does a running start count in fiction?" he writes to The Tribune, "or, to put it in another form, how far does a novelist commit himself in his opening sentence? Is he justified in baiting a trap for the reader at the very outset?" Mr. Adams's meditations are those of a consumer of novels, rather than a maker of them. "I picked up 'Scaramouche' with distrust," he continues, "for I am not partial to historical romance, and looking askance at the first page I caught my eye on this:

"He was born with a gift of laughter, and a sense that the world was mad."

"That I was lost from that moment and have not fully recovered yet is not the point which I present for your consideration; the point is, has young Mr. Sabbatini an ethical right to flash upon one's unprepared brain an initial sentence with the rhythmic lilt of a Swinburnian line and the imperative acclaim of a trumpet heard in the distance? True, he lives up to his promise in what follows; but that, too, is beside the question. Ought he to depart from the set and sober custom which the rest of us fictionists, little and big, correctly follow—viz., to begin with a respectable statement of time, place or weather conditions? Can he defend his course in reverting to the reprehensible inept methods of the late Nick Carter type of literature, 'Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots rang out upon the still air,' and setting them to music and to winks? I, for one, enter a solemn protest.

"Chance pickings from my library confirm me in my views. Not as the creator of 'Scaramouche' do the mighty of the past make their introductory bows to the public. Take 'Romola': 'More than three centuries and a half ago . . . and so on down the page for a total that resembles a cricket score—one hundred and thirty-six, not out. Balzac does the same in his 'Peau de Chagrin,' his chronological off-the-mark being 'Toward the end of the month of October, 1829.' "David Copperfield opens with a vague hypothesization, 'Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life' . . . and 'The Master of Ballantrae' with a confident and formal prophecy, 'The full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for.' 'Pendennis'—well, what would one expect of 'Pendennis'? Here it is: 'One fine day in the full London season' . . .

The moderns, too, mainly keep in the beaten path, with minor and unalarming diversions. Mr. Wells opens 'Kipps' with a negative reflection upon a boy's parentage, and Conrad launches 'Victory,' that radiant and tragic melodrama, with a mineralogical truism. In the fantastic and delightful 'Buried Alive' Arnold Bennett seeks to attain something different with an abstruse reference to the angle of the earth's axis, but it turns out to be only his way of saying that it was summer. Frank Swinnerton, an innovator of bold questions, when once under way, clings to the everyday method in introducing 'Coquette': 'It was Saturday night,' which is as important, if true, as the 'It was five of a

November afternoon" with which the primary episode of Behemoth, the pleasure dog, is set moving to discomfort the bearer of the title rôle in "Queed." "Potterism" informs the prospective reader, and is guilty of no meretricious seductions in so doing, that "Johnny and Jane Potter, being twins, went through Oxford together." In the first line of "Casanova's Homecoming" Arthur Schnitzler is content to observe that "Casanova was in his fifty-third year."

Mr. Norris in "Brass," which is certainly not an unconventional work, begins with the ancient weather report "The hot summer wind." . . . Mr. Adams himself, true to his beliefs in the matter, sets "Success" a-going thus: "The lonely station of Manzanita stood out, sharp and unsightly, in the keen February sunlight." From the threshold of Michael Sadlier's "Privilege" there is no specious beckoning: "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." In "The Girls" Miss Edna Ferber confesses a doubt as to the manner of her beginning. "It is a question of method," she speculates, not knowing whether to rush you up to the girls pell-mell, or with elaborate slowness slip you casually into their family life.

So Mr. Adams is for respectable, assuring, well-mannered geneses which set no traps for unwary minds and spray no perfumed incense in the air. Thus should correct acquaintanceships, literary as social, be formed, gradually and within the accustomed boundaries of the three dimensions. "Not," he says, "as Mr. Sabbatini sets his scapgrace hero dropping in upon our scandalized comprehension with his total and naked character held up between the thumb and forefinger for our inspection."

Nor is that the worst of it, in Mr. Adams's opinion. "Mr. Sabbatini begins, in that abrupt curtain-lift, that which he leaves you to finish, leaves it like a burr stuck in your uneasy mind, which, unless you detach it promptly, is likely to take possession, and cling like the slumber-wrecking meter of 'A red trip slip for a three-cent trip' of accursed memory.

He was born with a gift of laughter, and a sense that the world was mad. "Who will lay that uneasy, metered spirit, that rhythmic haunt?" Mr. Adams inquires; and he answers, "F. P. A., perhaps."

## Secretive Detectives

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: What kind of police "efficiency" can the Hyman administration claim in the case of the theft of \$12,000 worth of jewels from an apartment in Riverside Drive last May without the slightest trace being found of the criminals nor any report being made by the detectives to the citizen who was robbed?

I refer to the case, as reported in yesterday's papers, of Miss Flinita de Soria, of 250 Riverside Drive, who complained that her home was robbed six months ago, and although three detectives were supposed to have been assigned to the job of tracing the thieves she never heard anything from them from that day.

It seems to me a peculiar brand of "efficiency" that neither protects the home from robbery nor cares enough to report what progress, if any, has been made in bringing the criminals to justice.

L. D. L.

## Our Latin-American Trade

Unfair to Judge Exporters by a Few "Fly by Night" Traders

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: With pleasure do I answer John P. Gray and L. G. Cooper! I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Gray that the mistakes of others are not excuses for our own, but let me add that birth is also no excuse for ignorant people and cheats. Consequently, we shall always have this class of gentry who cheat and remain ignorant, but, thank heaven, they are in the minority. Therefore, Mr. Gray, again I appeal to you, don't judge the whole by the faults of a very few.

As for Mr. Cooper, I think when he mentions "we Americans" he is covering too much ground. Perchance he has forgotten that there are thousands of Americans in Central and South America who are honest, prosperous and great men; that it was Americans who went down there when the world thought them insane and built railroads, formed steamship lines, built hospitals, cleaned out disease and helped the needy; that it was Americans that inspired their independence and are now helping them to protect their constitutions against rebellions. These deeds should not be forgotten in spite of a few who wish to ridicule.

During the war hundreds of "fly by night" corporations sprang up which did not do justice to our foreign trade, but in the last year or so all those who were ignorant about exports or were not playing fair have been "snowed under" and will always remain "snowed under," though we can never keep them from trying again, for we